SECRET

E spent the morning at the Embassy Wives meeting, which I was supposed to open with a speech. I was anxious to do so, for I wanted to warble a bit about the history of diplomacy.

She bore the burden of entertainment today. Houghton family this afternoon, de Zulueta reception for Betty de Lesseps, petits soins for Carmen and Carter.

November 16, 1962 - Friday

Stayed in my room all day, feeding on consomme and toast. It snowed this morning, the temperature being at 30°. Despite the UK having just officially shifted over to Centigrade, Fahrenheit continues to be quoted.

Went through all my remaining files, eliminating bales of obsolete letters, documents, and nonsense.

Being laid up has the great advantage of giving one time for reading. I finished, or skimmed through, Carola Oman's Mary of Modena, Lord Chandos's Memoirs, Kenneth Clark's Looking at Pictures, Hart Davis's Letters of Oscar Wilde, Jean Renoir's My Father, Anthony Eden's Facing the Dictators, Akrigg's Jacobean Pageant.

I was sorry to have to cancel the lunch I was to give today for the British Diplomatic Correspondents, as well as to miss my 1st War Field Artillery Battalion associate, Senator John Butler of Maryland, as well as Lord Runciman (on a Cuban molasses question), the author Holmes Alexander, and others.

But I particularly regret the necessity of declining a trip to Paris tonight to dine with George Ball and Jean Monnet, for which I had received orders from Washington. Jean was in London yesterday, and I explained to him why I could not attend.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
RCW DATE 6-17-81